









## REMEMBRANCE

I often think of the old time,  
Of the day when I was a boy,  
When we wandered in the soft spring-time,  
To where the brooklets flow;  
Where the willows we often shared,  
Where the maple leaves were red,  
When side by side we little cared  
What time would bring to us.

Our lives have changed since then,  
A few years only, too,  
And fate has done its part, I ween,  
But let us still be true;  
Although he drew his scepter wide,  
And cut our lives apart,  
The trophies of the past appear,  
And smile our souls and hearts.

Our error wrought a sacrifice,  
And one which we regret,  
But only let the truth suffice,  
We never can forget;  
For through the vista of the years  
Some thoughts we'll ever keep,  
A devotion's smile, devotion's tears,  
Our love so pure and deep.

Now that resolve are firmly made,  
Our lives anew we'll live,  
Let's pray for love in error strayed,  
And when at last we'll have crossed  
Beyond the Stygian river,  
Our lives, while earth our souls attend,  
Will then unite forever.

(This story was commenced in No. 30, Vol. 10. Book numbers can always be obtained.)

## CHAPTER X.

## A CHAPTER OF DRY NARRATIVE.

I wouldn't be a lawyer for a fortune. I couldn't stand the everlasting grip of testimony and points of law that one is doomed to have ground before him as long as he is a lawyer. If it were possible for me to get around telling the reader about the divorce suit between Caleb Bostwick and his wife, I would go a considerable distance around. But there is no other way; it would leave an ugly hole right in the middle of the fabric and my story would be spoiled; there were some incidents connected with the suit which have a great deal to do with my story. I cannot evade it, so without another word, in hoarse parables, I'll roll up my pants and take a short cut across the field.

When Mrs. Bostwick so summarily shook the dust of her husband's home from her shoes and sought the protection of her father's house, Mr. Bostwick immediately set about making preparations to obtain a divorce.

The Bostwicks kept a "hired girl," Sarah Ledwell, of course, wanted to keep on the good side of both master and mistress, and this is often a hard task, especially when a difference occurs between master and mistress.

When Mr. Bostwick found himself alone, his first thought was to ascertain of Sarah who the untimely visitor was. The first thought that entered his mind was that the interloper was Mr. Mintwood, a neighbor of the Bostwicks, and accordingly he presented himself in the kitchen and asked:

"What man was that here to-night, Sarah?"

"I'm not certain who, if you please, sir," with a significant look which heightened Mr. Bostwick's suspicions. Sarah had heard the conversation between Caleb and his wife through the key-hole, of course.

"Don't you think you would know him if you saw him again?" asked Mr. Bostwick.

"I reckon I would, sir."

"Are you not of the opinion that it was Mr. Mintwood?"

Sarah smiled insinuatingly, but went on with her work in silence.

"Answer me, Sarah; do you think the man was Mr. Mintwood?"

"Well, if I must guess, I think it was."

"Did you hear any of their conversation?"

"I wasn't in the room, Mr. Bostwick."

"But in passing, did you not hear anything that was said?"

"Well—I might have heard a little sprinkle."

"What did you hear?"

"I—didn't hear—no—very—much."

"Much or little, what did you hear?"

"I heard—him—say—something about—liking her better—better than you did."

"The devil! what did she say?" cried Bostwick, his face livid.

"Nothing much."

"What! don't trifle. Tell me!"

"Well, she didn't say much at all—Mr. Bostwick. She said she liked it."

"Very well, Sarah, you may have to say that in the court room."

"O, Mr. Bostwick! I hope I won't get into no trouble about this," cried the terrified girl.

"No, I think not. There's not much chance for trouble in your case. I wish I could say as much for myself!" and Mr. Bostwick groaned and turned to go.

"Supper's ready," said Sarah.

"Eat your supper and clear the table; I don't want anything," said Bostwick, as he left the room.

He had just time to procure a divorce at the term of the court which was to sit in two weeks, so without waiting to think it over, or to allow his anger to cool, he immediately commenced proceedings.

As is well known, one can procure a divorce in Indiana on almost any ground, and as Mr. Bostwick had grown up from boyhood with the knowledge of this a part of his nature, he did not think it necessary to be very much concerned about his evidence. He was sure he could prove that his wife had been imprudently intimate with Mintwood, which alone would condemn her in the eyes of all who were acquainted with Mintwood's character; and besides this, it is an easy matter to prove incompatibility of temperament, which is the foundation for nine-tenths of the divorces granted in the Indiana courts.

But notwithstanding Bostwick's assurance, he had to deal with a man who often boasted that he "knew the books and cracks in the law," and Gideon Carson was busy using quietly all his iniquitous energy to accomplish his own ends, and when the case came to the trial, Carson had every possible arrangement made, while Bostwick was wholly unprepared for the array of testimony in Amelia's favor.

Mr. Bostwick had but one witness be-

side himself, and that witness was the terrified Sarah Ledwell, who testified having seen a man enter the house about dusk on the evening Mrs. Bostwick left home, and that she was sure the man was Mr. Mintwood; that she had heard Mr. Mintwood say something about loving Mrs. Bostwick better than Mr. Bostwick did, and that Mrs. Bostwick believed him, etc.

Mr. Bostwick testified that he saw a man whom he supposed to be Mintwood rush out of the room as the former entered it, and that he believed from his wife's confusion and consequent falsehood, that she was, in the least, too intimate with a man of bad character.

On the other hand, Mr. Carson probed by several witnesses, (Mr. Carson acting for his daughter), that Mr. Mintwood was out of the State at the time mentioned, and that on that evening Mr. Carson's son had visited Amelia, and not being on good terms with Bostwick, he tried to evade him. He recollected that his coat caught on the latch as he hurried out. He remembered also, of telling Amelia during the evening that her father and mother loved her better than her husband did or he would not neglect her so.

It was also proven that Bostwick habitually neglected his wife, and that he had often abused her. This surprised Caleb, for he had loved Amelia, and had it not been for the terrible storm of jealousy that had crashed through his breast he might still have been living happily with her.

He thought long and painfully of the conclusive evidence of Amelia's innocence and his heart went out after her; but when he saw in his imagination the white, vicious face that drove him mad on that terrible night, the same deadly chill came over him and he believed not in his innocence—he saw in it only the machinations of Carson.

Amelia should never come into his house again to drive him to perdition and train his child to vice—never!

As he made this mental exclamation the court was giving the decision. A decree of divorce was granted, but Amelia was allowed the sum of ten thousand dollars, as prayed, one half of which was to be paid to her by Mr. Bostwick in fifteen days, and the remainder in six months thereafter.

Bostwick stared at the judge with paling cheek and smarting eye; he glared wildly about the room—then everything seemed to fade away into nothing.

He had not fainted, but in a fit of uncontrollable emotion, such as is seldom seen or experienced, he was led from the room, while Carson, still wearing the look of a martyr, walked boldly out.

Thus ended another of the every-day tragedies of life—two hearts were torn apart, to throb, crushed and bleeding through life.

## CHAPTER XI.

IT MAY NOT HAVE BEEN seen by the foregoing chapters, that the visits of Amelia's brother at such times and in such ways as would be likely to excite suspicion in Bostwick's mind were made at the instance of Gideon Carson, and I will here state that such was the case. It would seem at first view of such a scheme that it would fail; and even to Gideon the plan was a bold one, but was the best he could think of to answer his purpose, because he failed to see that he was acting on himself. In order to further his unrighteous scheme he did not even spare his daughter's good name, but caused a tale of scandal which involved Amelia's reputation to be circulated among a certain clique, knowing that it would reach the ears of Bostwick and add to his weight toward creating a suspicion in his mind of Amelia's incontinuity. It was due to this more than to anything else that the plot had worked so well in Carson's hands, and that even Amelia's best friends blamed her, notwithstanding the facts established by the evidence in court. With this much of an explanation I will return.

"Who comes oftener than I do?" asked Rachel Brown as she ushered herself into the parlor of the "Nest."

"No one who is more welcome, I'm sure," said Mrs. Allison, "here, take this easy chair by the fire, you must be cold."

"No, indeed; I'm as warm as a toast. I walked, and right warm it is, through this snow."

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this point. I do not believe one in ten ever gives the subject a sober thought."

"And that, law-makers, as a general rule, are not the men so many things think to be. Of course, some are honest."

"Yes; I have talked to Conrad on the subject enough to know that a great many who hold seats at the Capitol are mere tools in the hands of the wealthy, but evil-disposed persons, so that a measure, to become a law, must be popular among this class," said Mary.

"Yes," said Rachel, "and a great many are so weak-kneed that they will vote for a measure that they know to be wrong, just to please certain law-lords and ignorant constituents who weigh considerably in the scale of an election. Even Conrad has much to say about his constituents," laughed Rachel.

Mrs. Allison blushed. Anything reflecting on her husband's honor was unpleasant to her.

"Conrad is no fool," said Mary, after a pause, "but it is his duty, however painful it may be to, to thoroughly represent those who elect him; and I think he does."

"I think so, too," and Rachel's tone and manner plainly said she thought it best to change the subject, but the conversation took another channel, but Rachel actually hit upon the subject of marriage and divorce again, before she went home.

"I'll tell thee, Mary, this divorce business is demoralizing in its effects upon humanity. Man may have come from the monkey in the first place, but in this way I'm of the opinion that it will not be long before he will be degenerated into some other brute. These women who prate about Woman's Rights would do well to turn their attention to this subject. Marriage now, in many cases means concubinage."

"That's the way of it, Biddy. Wholeness said to me the other day in speaking of the Bostwick scandal, she said, 'A man now days kin keep a woman as long as he likes her, an' then whallop her out o' the house an' git another.' There's a good deal of sense in Biddy's off-hand ideas," laughed Mary.

"There is, indeed; and as long as marriage is considered a contract between a man and a woman, only that and nothing more, just such evils as we see now will grow in magnitude and frequency. If things are to go on in this way, I hope the Shakers will come in and convert all such to their faith, and do away with marriage altogether, but there comes thy husband and thy children, and we have not arrived at any very wise conclusion yet. This was followed by the noise of the house-cumers."

"Oh, mother! Ned got to stand on the floor to-day, and I didn't. Don't you say hurrah for Ned?" panted Lily.

"Why, what advantage was it to Ned to stand on the floor?" asked Rachel with a twinkle in her eyes.

"I wouldn't be made to stand on the floor for a thousand dollars," cried Lily, looking at Rachel curiously.

"This spoke as if thy friend Ned had good fortune," said Rachel.

"Standin' on the floor?" Lily opened wide her blue eyes and stared wonderingly at Rachel.

Rachel and Mrs. Allison both laughed.

"Lily gets her ideas sadly mixed sometimes by her manner of expression," explained Mrs. Allison, "but in time I hope she will overcome this difficulty; Ned though is positively 'backwoods-mannerish.'"

"Yes, mother," began Lily, "Ned said to-day that my papa ain't as big a man as Mr. Lincoln—his, ain't he?"

"As big to us I think," said Mrs. Allison, laughing, and fondly drawing her child to her.

"Hailo! you here?" said Mr. Allison to Rachel, as he entered the room.

"Indeed, I am, and I came at a good time, too, for Mary would have been lonesome; and we've had such a pleasant day, all to ourselves."

"I hope you've decided many important questions lately. I believe women generally play the part of Supreme Court when they get together," said Mr. Allison, mischievously.

Rachel smiled. "I have got to be an advocate of women's rights. Wouldn't these be surprised to hear of thy Mary and her Quaker sister taking sides with me?"

"I have been looking for Mary to go over for a long time. She always has control over me that I am always afraid to vote without asking her," said Mr. Allison.

"Humph!" said Mary. Rachel laughed.

In the moonlight of the evening that followed, Rachel was accompanied home by the entire Allison family in the double sleigh, behind a pair of bays bedizened with brass buckles and bells, which twinkled like so many stars on glad eyes, and dropped their brassy notes in showers, like the twinkling of a waterfall.

Who could talk with reason through such a sleigh-bell?

Acting upon the principle supposed to be involved in this question, I will not report the sayings of that merry company. But as they were about ready to return, Mr. Allison said to Rachel to-day. He has a money-making scheme on hand. He seems willing to profit by Amelia's misfortune. But it is well enough I guess."

CHAPTER XII.

MRS. CARSON'S COVERTURE.

"AN I' suppose Gideon Carson has good shrews in 'im, as coarse, Mr. Allison, but when I see so much an' hear so much, I says to myself: I gouny, Pat Mavourney, there's soon fire where there's so much smoke!"

It was Pat Whelan who spoke, and Mr. Allison laughed good naturedly. Pat was Allison's "hired hand," and lived in a little brick cottage on one corner of Mr. Allison's large pasture.

"O, well, Pat, you must remember that everybody must be talked about. I suspect a great many bad things have been said about me; but I'm not such a very bad man," said Mr. Allison.

"Och! yer honor, that's true, as Biddy says; but I've lived wif Carson, an' I know; mark me words, Misther Allison, Carson was at the bottom of this trouble wif Bostwick."

"Hut-tut, man! you've got out with Mr. Carson and can't see anything good in him. I've never seen anything so terrible about him," and Mr. Allison turned on his heel and walked away.

I have introduced this fragment of conversation between Mr. Allison and his hired hand, because Pat's opinion of Gideon Carson was the same as that held by the most of Carson's neighbors; and to show Mr. Allison's view of the matter.

Carson was like a great many men; he said the world owed him more than he was likely ever to get, and he was determined to get all that came within his reach. His plans had been thwarted so often that when a scheme did work to his hand he became more desperate and clutched more wildly after the coveted gold. He was not like all men, but I have seen men who resembled me of Mr. Carson.

When Amelia's girl came into his hand he was not long in finding a place for it; but like most ambitious men, he could not stop within the bounds of his money. He saw how, by going a little beyond his present means, he could more than double the revenue, and the next thing was to devise a plan to make up the deficit. Amelia had been an easy instrument in his hands to effect his purpose, why not use her for another?

We will see.

"Amelia, my dear, I've a plan to make some money."

"Well," languidly.

"An' besides, put our family on a respectable footing. Of course you want your parents to be as respectable as yourself?"

"Certainly," answered Amelia; "what is your plan?"

"To buy Cedar Cliff."

"Buy what?"—with a start.

"Cedar Cliff," said Gideon firmly, a shrewd gleam in his face.

"Why, father, Silvers asks fifteen thousand for that place!"

"You have ten."

"Yes, but ten ain't fifteen."

"I know; but there is not more than twenty acres in the property, and it is all pine-wood grounds."

"What of it? Ain't there a waterfall within three hundred yards of the house worth ten thousand dollars for mill-power?"

"Oh!"

"Don't you see, that fine house and grounds will give us influence?"

"Oh!"

"Don't you see, some rich man'll take hold there, and I'll see that he don't make as much as meant?"—with a sly twinkle of his metallic eyes.

"Oh!" said Amelia.

"Yes, I believe so; but how about the debt?"

"I can fix that. Do you remember Allison's?"

"Certainly, but—"

"But what?"

"You intend to—"

"Don't intend to what?" smiling the old insidious Carson smile.

"Why, what has Allison done?"

"Done! What has he done? Took sides against my daughter, although professed to be for her! Done! why acted the hypocrite like a dog! Done! why done enough a thousand times to owe me all he's got?"

"Amelia, just as him is what is trying to hold you down—tryin' to kill all the pleasure of your life by talkin' behind the bush! My child, there's more to look after in this world besides bread and dinner, I say."

Amelia looked steadily into the fire.

"Child, it is no more'n right at we'd break up Allison!"

The girl looked wonderingly at her father. Gideon smiled.

"Amelia, a body'd think you was as innocent as a lamb, by the way, you looked like a dog! Done! why done enough a thousand times to owe me all he's got?"

"Father, the world has not been to me what I desired and expected," said Amelia, with a quiver in her voice, and tears sparkling in her eyes.

Gideon's heart was touched a little—a very little.

"If you were of the world, the world would love his own; but because you are not of the world, because I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hates you," said Amelia, and the words, though misapplied, in a measure comforted her.

"You will get to feel as I do if you live as long as I have, and see what a hard row you'll have to hoe," said Gideon. "Allison would willingly do by you what I propose you shall do by him. This thing of life is a sort of a hell, I believe. I don't know if you don't pull Allison he'll pull you. You're a woman; he's a man; your weapons are subtle; his is rough and clumsy; you have rights, an' he an' the likes of him is usurping 'em. Now's the time to make the rush—do it! an' cry war to the sword, an' sword to the hilt! Do it! pull devil! of you don't pull Allison he'll pull you. You're a woman; he's a man; your weapons are subtle; his is rough and clumsy; you have rights, an' he an' the likes of him is usurping 'em. Now's the time to make the rush—do it! an' cry war to the sword, an' sword to the hilt! Do it! pull devil! of you don't pull Allison he'll pull you. 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The wild and melancholy note of the curlew, as she was raised from the nest by the trawler, or the occasional bleat of a lamb, was all that broke the universal stillness.

"Ah, my love," said Lady Katherine, riding up close to her husband "what a scene of peace and tranquillity! Why could we not live here, far from courts and camps, from battle and bloodshed? But," she continued, looking fondly and fleetly at her husband, "this disposition you—think of it only as a fond dream and a vision."

"True, my Katherine," returned Corbally, "these are but fond dreams. The state of our poor country commands every man to do his duty, and how could the followers of the bloody heart, the assassin, the traitor, and the murderer, find a home in the bosom of the hills, and the night, and the dawn, and the sun goes down you shall be welcomed as the daughter of one of the noblest dames of Scotland. Ride on—the night wears away."

Scarcely had the words passed his lips, when the quick tramp of a steed behind him caused him to turn around. It was MacDonald, his eyes glaring with fury, and his frame trembling with rage and excitement.

"Turn, traitor, coward! Robber, turn and meet me just punishment!"

"Coward was never heard of a Corbally unrepented!" was the haughty answer to this defiance, as he wheeled round to meet the challenger, at the same time waving to Lady Katherine to ride on.

But she became paralyzed with fear and surprise, and sat on her palfrey motionless. Both men drew their swords and the combat began. It was furious, but short; Corbally unhorsed his antagonist, and then, leaping from his own steed, went to assist in raising him, unwilling farther to harm the brother of his wife. But, oh, the treachery and cruelty of the wicked! No sooner did the tender-hearted Sir Thomas kneel down beside him, than MacDonald drew his secret dagger and stabbed him to the heart.

That night the moon was pale and cold on the waters of this small inland lake, and showed distinctly the body of a female lying near its shore, while a dark heap, resembling men, was seen at a little distance, on a rising ground, the mournful howl of a large dog only broke the death-like stillness. Soon, however, a horseman was seen descending the pass; he was directed by the dog to the female, who still lay as if life had indeed fled from her; from his horse he brought water from the lake, which he sprinkled on her face and hands.

Long his efforts were unavailing, but at last the pulse of life began once more to beat, the eyes opened, and she wildly exclaimed:

"O, do not kill him!"

"He is safe, my lady," said the well-known voice of Roderick Clancy.

"You here, my trusty friend?" murmured Lady Katherine; "bear me to Corbally and all may yet be well."

She could utter no more; insensibility again seized her, and Roderick, lifting her up, bore her in his arms to what he supposed to be a shepherd's cottage, but found it only a deserted summer shealing. He was almost distracted, and laying down his precious burden, wrapped in his horseman's cloak, he ran out again in search of assistance, though hardly hoping to find it. A wild dog, however, was closely followed by the dog, which continued at intervals the same dismal howl which had attracted the notice of Roderick as he ascended the hill; the sad note of the hound was answered by a loud barking, and never fell sounds more welcome on the ears of the faithful vassal, who followed the sound and led him to a hut tenanted by a shepherd and his wife.

Roderick's tale was soon told. They hastened with him to the deserted shealing, where they found the object of their solicitude in a situation to demand instant and womanly assistance. There, amid the wilds of Scotland, in a comfortable cabin, the heir of the warlike and noble Sir Thomas Corbally first saw the light. Long ere perfect consciousness returned, Lady Katherine was removed to the more comfortable home of the shepherd, and there his wife paid her every possible attention.

The care of Roderick consigned the remains of the rival chieftains to the grave. It was supposed that Mr. Donald had expired, soon after giving Corbally the fatal stroke, as his fingers still firmly grasped the hilt of his dagger. These horses and accoutrements were disposed of by the shepherd, and this furnished a fund for the maintenance of the noble lady, who was so strangely cast upon her care.

Many weeks elapsed ere she was aware that she had neither husband nor brother. Time, which calms or extinguishes every passion of the human heart, had exerted its healing influence over the mind of Lady Katherine.

One day she sat watching the gambols of her son, on the banks of the beautiful lake, whose waters had first recalled her to life on the disastrous evening of his birth. There was even a smile on her pale, thin lips, as she tottered to her knee, and laid there a handful of yellow wild-flowers. She clasped the blooming boy to her heart, murmuring:

"My Corbally!"

On her first awakening to a full sense of her loss, and forlorn condition, it was only by presenting her son to her that she could be persuaded to live, and when her strength returned, she determined to go to Kilmarnock, and claim protection for herself and child, but the prudence of Roderick, suggested the propriety of his first going to ascertain the state of the family, and recommending his lady to the care of Alexander Cockburn and his kind-hearted wife, he set out on his embassy.

But sad was his welcome. The noble pile was a heap of blackened and smoking ruins, and the inmates fled no one knew whither. Sad and sorrowful he returned to the mountain retreat, and was surprised at the calmness with which his honored mistress heard his tale. Alas, he knew not that the pang she had suffered made every loss appear trivial.

The lonely shealing was repaired and furnished. Here Lady Katherine, in placid content, nursed her child, attended by her faithful foster brother, who made occasional excursions to the neighboring town to supply her with any necessities she might require. On an occasion of this kind, when the lovely boy was nearly two years old, she sat in the door of her humble dwelling, listening to his sweet prattle.

It was the first time he had attempted to say the most endearing of all names. She forgot her sorrow, and was almost happy. Her attention was now called to some domestic concern within the cottage. The boy was on his accustomed seat at the door, when a shrill and piercing scream caused her to run out. Need her anguish and despair be described when she saw her lovely boy borne aloft in the air in the talons of a large eagle?

To run, to scream, to shout, was the first movements of the frenzied mother, but vain had been her efforts, had she not been almost immediately joined by some of her

neighbors, whose united efforts made the fatigued bird quit his prey, and drop it into the lake. Many a willing hand, many an active hand, was ready to save the boy. He was delivered to his mother, but, alas! only as a drenched and nerveless corpse. Human nature could endure no more. Her brain reeled, and reason fled forever. Her faithful and attached follower returned to find his lady a wandering maniac. Year after year did he follow her footsteps, till death put a period to her sufferings, did his care slacken for one instant.

After he had seen her laid by her husband and brother, he bade adieu to the simple inhabitants, and it is supposed he fell in one of the border raids of the period, as he was never heard of more.

## THAT FIFTY DOLLARS.

BY B. A. M. MOSS.

How very strange it seems that a great or learned man can never do or say a smart thing, or even think a smart thought, but there is always somebody to step forward and deny that he ever did, said, or thought it.

All the true and beautiful stories so familiar to our childhood are in the rudest manner related as false and fabulous; the disbelievers disbelieve grand life, it is true, but endeavor to take away honor.

Thus Alexander the great is made to lie but not to weep. Washington too, but he did not say he would not tell a lie. Tell was, but did not shoot an apple from the head of his son, and of late some sacrilegious pen has even been used as a weapon against the glory surrounding the name of Pucallotus, a woman, and it is maintained that either Pucallotus wasn't a hero, or Smith wasn't a hero, or something of the sort I don't much care to remember just what, as I know that the story is true as far as first written, and that Smith was Smith himself, and she was she.

But the last and most foolish sample given forth by this perverse habit of contradiction is this.

Somebody says that J. G. Whittier thinks that \$50 a year ought to dress any woman; and when the exclamation has set the story well to going some perverse son of Adam's race thinks it necessary to stand forth and proclaim, that it is not necessary to say, that John G. "never thought or said any such absurd thing."

How disgusting this is, how vexatious, how productive of evil results. It weakens our belief in newspaper stories, it weakens our belief in human nature, and stirs up many a family quarrel. I mean if we try to believe that he said it and didn't think it, or that he thought it and didn't say it, or that he didn't think or say it.

You see how quickly one gets mixed up in the matter.

Now if the sentence had been left just as it was, how handy it would have been for the fashionable husband to say: "Why no, my dear, I really can't let you have seventy-five this morning as your favorite poet John G. Whittier thinks \$50 a year ought to dress any woman."

How madam would have silenced at that and gone away satisfied with ten dollars. But now, now she has her weapon of contradiction, and there is a fair chance for a family quarrel unless the seventy-five is forthcoming.

I really did hope that John G. did dare to think, even if he did not say that \$50 a year ought to dress any woman. I was intending to journey forth and meet him and say: "Blamed art thou among men that thou canst admire a woman modestly apparelled; great need have the world of thee and great need have men of thy counsel; too prone are they to admire those who are outwardly adorned, who are clad in richest apparel, and our maidens and wives and mothers are vying each with the other, in the beauty and extravagance of their wardrobe, not for health, not for comfort, not for present good, nor future happiness, but for that unstable blessing, that blighting curse, admiration of men."

I had thought how the many faithful, true, and beautiful women who have been for years obliged to dress for twenty-five dollars, or even less, a year, would smile with joy that at last they had a noble champion; how the frivolous and vain would almost weep and tear their hair with anger, that there had ever lived a poet over whom extravagance dressed had not a power. I had thought how soon the world would appear, and no longer would those most highly favored with outward adorning find highest favor and highest place.

But whether or not Mr. Whittier said the words, or thought the thought, attributed to him, it is well worthy of him, and if more men believed in plainer dress, and more women dared adopt it, we should have less knives, and less convicted and unconvicted criminals among men, and more dutiful daughters and happier wives, and truer mothers among our women.

In these few words then there is contained a great truth for those who will search it out. "\$50 a year ought to dress any woman," and would, if only men would think so!

## A LOVING MOTHER.

Make the most of her while yet you have this most precious of all good gifts. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes, the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends, fond, dear, kind friends; but never will you have again the inexhaustible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggle with the hard, unfeeling world for the sweet, deep security I felt when of an evening, nestled in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep—never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard, yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eyes watch over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.

## A WIFE'S POWER.

A good wife is to a man wisdom, strength and courage; a bad one is a fiction, weakness, and despair. No condition is hopeless to a man where a wife possesses firmness, decision, and economy. There is no outward propriety which can counteract indolence, extravagance, and folly at home. No spirit can long endure bad influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He needs a tranquil mind, and especially if he is an intelligent man, with a whole head, he needs its moral force in the conflict of life. To recover his composure, home must be a place of peace and comfort. There his soul renews its strength, and goes forth with renewed vigor to encounter the labor and troubles of life. But if at home he finds no rest, and there is met with bad temper, jealousy, and gloom, or assailed with complaints and censures, hope vanishes, and he sinks into despair.

## LOVE.

BY HARRIS SABLE.

Oh! tell me not that love will wane, And fade from the heart as soon. That its blissful vision will flow away With the days of the honeymoon. For love is not a meteoric light, That is born to flash and die, But a steady and faithful guiding star, To lead us to realms on high.

'Tis not the love that's an quick to flow From the lips that is truest, best; For the deepest emotions the heart can know, Are the handiest to be expressed. The chords that are struck by a pure love's thrill, Are fathomless as the deep; They will tremble and vibrate while life shall last, And hush at last to sleep.

Oh! love is faithful and pure and true, And it does not the soul outbid; For that which grows weary and chafes so soon, Was never a love at all.

The holy passion, though born of earth, Will shine in our home above; For love is immortal and cannot die, And God himself is love.

## ROCKING THE CRADLE AMONG THE KIDNAPERS.

IN THE FLOOR.

BY CAPTAIN CARRER.

After several weeks prospecting we had squatted upon our claim. There were only four of our party, but some few miles away eighty or a hundred fellows were picking away in the ravine. We had hit upon a rich deposit, Dokes making a pile at one haul, picking up in the canon a lump of nearly pure metal weighing several ounces. To save time, Gardiner had called out that he had observed the nugget simultaneously with him, but Dokes knew better, and said so; "But look here, Bill, it is a natural impossibility for you to have obtained a glimpse of the yellow pellets from your standpoint. That washed-out boulder completely hid it from every position save the one which I occupied."

Gardiner sulkily maintained his previous assertion, although I knew that he repeated a falsehood, for when Dokes had called out—"Here goes my neck against a fortune!" and began scrambling down the precipitous sides of the ravine, Gardiner's eyes, with those of the others, had flashed back and forth, up and down, trying to discover the exact point for which our companion was steering.

Dokes was generous to a fault. He would not have limited to a quarter, the nugget among us had justice demanded it, but no man need expect to obtain a flint spark of his unfairly.

Gardiner, however, soon got over his sulks, and picked away as long as any of us. Dokes and myself were preparing our engine. He and I had been working like dry-horses all day. Walter was gone to Stockton for supplies; Gardiner was indulging in one of his bacchanals with the whisky devils in the ravine above, and we were getting things ready for rocking the cradle, as the rainy season had fairly set in. We were constructing a flume, and being well aware that our position might expose us to a flood of water from the ravines and gorges of the mountains, we had to give particular attention to the strength of our apparatus, and we found ourselves at evening time soaked with the showery rain-fall, and so weary that our supper was barely worth the getting.

"By Jove!" ejaculated Dokes, hauling our cake out of the coals, and listening to the increased roar outside, "this sounds like business. I wish that we had got in a few more braces and anchors to-night. I wish to see to it that I might afford the whole concern will be wrecked."

"Let's have our supper through, and unless there is much strength in this coffee, I wouldn't lift a finger again to-night to save all the flumes in the mines."

Dokes was weary and impatient. We drew up to the board—a rough beam one, with four sticks for legs—and devoured our loaf frosted with ash, using the gravy from our toasted pork as butter and sauce—this was California in its early mining days—and drank off our coffee, black enough to have been dipped from a witch's cauldron; and not stopping to clear the table stepped outside the tent to observe the weather.

The night was blacker than Erebus; the wind came in heavy gusts, with an occasional peal of thunder, and the rain roared past in evenly spaced sheets.

"We've seen nothing like this," exclaimed Dokes, diving back under the tent, whose canvas gables rumbled and gave an occasional dull flap, as the gladder, bent-in ropes sprang back again to place and duty.

"By George, Mic, that flume of ours will go out with the tide."

"This is awful," I echoed, as the storm momentarily increased; "lighten the guys, Dokes, or we shall be without a loaf habitation in fifteen minutes. See how the structure rips and tears."

As we fastened the ropes and pins more securely, the roar of the water in the canon steadily and rapidly increased. "Drat the flume!" asphrased Dokes, getting up again and lighting the lantern, "I can't read a moment for thinking of the big lifts that we've thrown away to-day."

"You are not going out?"

"No—I don't intend to am I awaiting a crisis, or climax, or something that I feel is coming."

The words had barely escaped his lips when a faint wild cry reached us, more like the aggravated squeal of the wind than anything else.

"What's that?" exclaimed he, his eyebrows lifting and falling, as I have seen post-boys when fresh gusts of steam strove to escape.

"And where was it?"

We were both outside by this time, with our hands hinged back of our ears to ward off the nearer sounds, and let in the farther ones.

Again the shrill, dispirited cry!

"Good God! the bridge across the ravine is broken away, and some one was crossing it."

He worded the idea that had instantly seized my mind. The next instant saw the two men, who, half an hour before, had felt too weary to lift a finger, rushing along the foot-hills with all the forces of soul and body braced against the furious storm.

"The bridge!" I shrieked, plunging headlong after the pair, as they disappeared, and circling light, made by the erratic gyrations of Dokes and the lantern.

"The flume!" he shouted in return, and half diving his meaning, I leaped and stumbled, and leaped again after him.

The ravine were now covered by a roaring rushing torrent of yesty water.

What a change an hour's time had made in the scene. A little below us an irresistible tide was rolling toward the Sacramento; from every rocky shelf above leaped a foaming cascade; from every fissure spouted the allies of the torrent.

The lower timbers of our structure was breaking the foam into beautiful and fantastic geyser, a few of the pieces reached the long black arms a little above the flood.

On reaching this point, Dokes slipped back the slide from the lantern and threw its light upon the stream. We could distinguish nothing amidst the foam, only as it seemed, a strangled cry.

"Tend the lantern, Mic; throw the light alternately up the canon and across it. The poor fellow must be close down to us, and be dropped outside the wet log and shoved himself out over the roaring flood, which broke feather-white around his thighs."

"Never mind me, I know the length of the—"

The sentence ceased abruptly, and tossing the lantern-hall over a peg in the upright, I sprang down the few feet to the timbers. I was then in utter darkness, but could have sworn that a patch of tagbark blackness leaped from the shaft to the right of me and melted in with the night.

"Hey, Dokes!" I shouted, numb with terror, riding out as he had done on the upper stringer, "for God's sake, where are you?"

"Here!" called back his voice, with something of a gurgle in it, "don't mind—I can hold on. Catch by the bolts, swing out, stretch yourself like a boom across that accursed swirl made by the timbers. There! close to you—swing out—swing out for God's sake, grapple him before he shoots beyond you."

I had caught the glimpse of a head and shoulders in the tossing flood—a brave head and determined, defiant shoulders throwing themselves every few moments clear of the flying yeast, with the strokes of a powerful swimmer in strong agony. The slight noise I had heard of my self possession.

"Strike in—this way!" I shrieked, "just one stroke in!" as the drowning wretch shot across the last bar of light given by the lantern and plunged into the Egyptian darkness that enveloped us. I was in despair. I had stretched out to the utmost and was fighting the current with every muscle to keep myself afloat instead of lengthwise the eddy, and—

Something heavy but yielding struck me above the knees. The next moment I had my hands tangled in the wet hair, and was hauling the now inactive body towards the bank.

Strangely disturbed by the silence of Dokes, I struggled and deposited the rescued body upon the bank and again took passage on the slippery timber, holding by the bolts now, for the foam was above my belt.

"Dokes, hey, boy!" I called, "for God's sake shout."

Only the roar, hiss and gurgle of the joining flood.

I threw myself off the frame, and sliced the flume myself over to the shorter arms of the surging structure and dived about the water there. Baffled and overpowered by my conflicting emotions, I crept along the slippery stringer towards the bank. Right where the timbers were spliced, forming the corner of a triangle, I found Dokes wedged, as he afterwards had it "buck-jacked in," his arms locked at the elbows around some pegs, and the foam spouting across his mouth and nose. I got him clear. I got up the bank with him, crawling chiefly, I guess, and laid him upon his face with his forehead on his arm, while I seized the greater, or longer support, and with the latter, leaning to my belt, I staggered toward the tent, dragging, or carrying, the limp, wet figure whose last cry I was afraid had rung out on the night air.

We never knew how we accomplished so much under great excitement, but at last I had them both beneath the dripping canvas—both silent, insensible, if not dead.

I piled the reeking boughs and chips upon the fire just outside the doorway—for the storm was dying out, and our patient stone fire-place protected the faces from the wind—and as the smoke cleared up, and the blaze shone into the tent, I discovered for the first time the garments of the stranger. We had rescued a woman!

The brave, struggling, lifting shoulders belonged to a young girl of perhaps twenty years, whose jet black hair, eyebrows, and eyelashes, together with the creamy tinge of the cold face, bespoke her of Spanish or Spanish-Mexican blood stock. A groan from Dokes allowed me to persist in my endeavors at resuscitating the girl.

In less than an hour she was sensible, and called up before the roaring fire warning and drying her dripping garments. I having further contributed to our accommodations the addition of a bean-to, made of our black-ets and extending from the tent proper to the cooking range just alongside.

"But, Dokes," said I, as he lay curled up like a caterpillar in the other corner, melting or thumping his head between his hands, "whatever happened to you so suddenly?"

"Glad!" he ejaculated, flickering his adjustable brows, "that is a conundrum. I thought,—perhaps—did you chance to dislodge a boulder on the bank above?"

"No—I indeed!" was standing still with the lantern, when your sentence broke off unfinished."

"I certainly got a clip upon the head," and he suddenly came bolt upright, with such a vehement motion that the girl also half sprang to her feet.

"Say," he continued, "Carnes you don't think—it could not have been?"

I caught his meaning. I recollected the tangible shadow that swam past me by the canon.

"The nugget, Dokes! It was Gardiner!"

He carried his hand to his left, and then withdrew it, while he lifted his brows until he tucked them under his limp and streaming hair. "Sold his soul to the devil for three or four ounces of gold. I should want to drive a closer bargain than that; but he done the business with dispatch. Carnes put the lantern on the shelf, which he gave me over the vital sponge; but thank God it is no worse."

Thus philosophically Dokes disposed of his nugget.

The girl was Mustapha's daughter, from the mines above. Her father was expected back at Stockton with supplies, and she had thought to cross the bridge to warn him not to venture on with a load; and when she was near the centre of it, the structure tilted up and swung around throwing her many rods below, while it crumbled like a colossus in the raging torrent.

In the morning her return to the ravine was hailed with shouts by the mixed mass of miners, for she had been given up for lost as soon as her absence was discovered.

MIND may act upon mind though bodies be far divided; for the life is in the blood, but souls communicate unseen.

Any work, no matter how humble, that a man honors by efficient labor will be found important enough to secure respect for himself and credit for his name.

## REVIEWS.

THE lovers of the "Gleaner of Racine," will find many timely suggestions in a little work having that title, just issued by T. B. Peterson Bros. Philadelphia.

We have been unable to answer the conundrum, why the book entitled K. K. K. Sketches, by J. M. Board, was written. If for fun, its ponderosity of style is not conducive to merriment; if in earnest, it will fail to convince the public of its being a trustworthy solution of the movement it professes to explain. However, the curious in such literature may find therein food for reflection. (Claxton, Remsen, & Haffelfinger, Phila.)

THE sorrows, struggles, temptations, hopes and misery of a young girl tenderly reared, but suddenly reduced to poverty are the staple of "Sister Driven," by Mary Healy, the second of the Star Series of Novels issued by J. B. Lippincott & Co. The sympathy of the reader is kept active by the misadventures of the heroine, but the dark days are rather unnecessarily prolonged. There is an excellent illustration of a shrewd managing woman of the world who skillfully manoeuvres men and circumstances to her own advantage, and the deeper and better heartfulness of the heroine are well brought out by the contrast with this worshipper of wealth. A happy ending is made so entirely probable, that the reader feels it is assured, though most women have preferred a little more of detail here, in place of so much of the extended misfortune.

LOVE and marriage as they ought to be, with untoward circumstances varying the smooth running of their course form the staple materials of most novels of the period. The ideal they present though seldom realized in ordinary life is yet an incentive, and may help to educate the world up to the happy time when all shall marry for true love. A somewhat remarkable departure from the beaten track by Ellen W. Olney in "Love in Idleness" just issued by J. B. Lippincott & Co. It is a vivid picture of the ideal in love and the actual as achieved by most mortal people. The distribution of the people fall in love and marry somebody else, because it is best they should. But while it thus presents more of truth than of poetry in the outcome of experience, it is bright with ray fire in the passionate scenes depicted. There are many bright spots of sparkling conversation, the threads of the narrative are deftly woven, and altogether it affords entertainment of a high order.

MAGAZINES FOR MARCH.—Harper's continues its critique on contemporary art in France, with fine illustrations. The Prussian Wends and their Home give glimpses of a peculiar people. The Distribution of Animals shows in general the influences which have extended their migrations. A Summer Cruise among the Atlantic Islands is a pleasant bit of travel. There is a popular exposition of some scientific experiments with heated bodies. These with two or three most short stories, several amusing fables, and the usual Records of the month etc., make up a very readable number.

Potter's presents a sketch of Edwin Forrest, in which reminiscences of the great tragedian are lovingly told. Thomas A. Janvier, contributes records of some forgotten Arctic explorers. Greek Architecture is treated by Rev. William Blackwood, D. D., L. L. D. The last visit of Lafayette to America, is described by Rev. William Hall. Several other artists give variety and interest. The illustrations were improving.

The Popular Science Monthly contains "Education as a Science," II, by Alexander Bain, L. L. D. "Formation of Raindrops and Hailstones," illustrated, by Prof. Osborne Reynolds. "On the study of Biology," by Prof. Huxley. "How the Earth was regarded in Old Times." A Biographical Sketch of Thomas Edward, the naturalist, with portrait, is a striking illustration of the possibilities of achievement under the greatest disadvantages, by one who has a genuine enthusiasm for his work.

Lippincott's opens with an interesting and well illustrated article of travel in the valleys of Peru, followed by a sketch of the nation in Japan; "Seth" is a touching tale of unrequited devotion.

George MacDonald's "Marquis of Lonsdale" is continued. "Place aux Dames" is a capital travesty of some of Shakespeare's heroines modernized. Auerbach's German novel "The Gask from America" is continued. The illustrations of this number show marked improvement and are in keeping with the literary excellence of the work.

Scribner's has an illustrated article on the New York Aquarium—the pictures not all up to regulation standard, which is usually the fault of the publisher's artist. "Naked as Minerva" progresses satisfactorily, and brings out some strong bits of character.

"Farmer Bassett's Romance," by Saxo Holme is concluded with admirable feeling and equal good sense. Princeton College, in its portraits of its successive presidents, is a valuable and interesting work. Life Insurance written for the people, gives in plain and readable style many facts which are not, but should be generally known, and is alone worth a year's subscription. Other articles of travel, science and literature complete a first class number.

Appleton's Journal opens with an illustrated paper on "The Mountains of North Carolina," from the pen of Christian Reid, who, from his frequent visits to that region, is enabled to describe it with marked fidelity. The time cannot be far distant when these mountains will become the favorite resort of pleasure-seekers and artists. A sketch, in verse, by "M. W. S." entitled "Love or Study," is marked by many felicitous touches and descriptions, the serial, "Cherry Ripe," is continued, and is especially noteworthy for the freshness of the situations, and the charming characteristics of the heroine, Myron. The short stories are "The Young Doctor," by Miss Olney, and "My Son Victor," by Mrs. Wager Fisher, the one being a touching and sad story, the other a vivacious sketch, founded on incidents occurring at the Centennial; an article by Charlotte Adams, entitled "Gleanings of Venice," is a valuable and interesting paper by Dr. Guernsey. There are the usual gossip of the editor, and the book reviews.

THE SEA.—The sea is the largest of all cemeteries, and its numbers sleep without monuments. All other graveyards, in other lands, show some distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor, but in the great ocean cemetery the king, the clown, the prince and peasant, are alike undistinguished. The same waves roll over all; the same sun shines, and there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unadorned, will sleep on for ever.

## NEWS NOTES.

"Muss and milk festivals," are quite popular in some portions of this State.

RUMBA has 540 monasteries and convents, which enjoy an annual income of nearly \$1,000,000.

THE Legislature of Rhode Island is endeavoring to make education compulsory throughout the State.

In Great Britain, during the past ten years, the death rate of smallpox has increased over 80 per cent.

THERE are about 600 producing oil wells in Pennsylvania, and the daily average of production is 5.6 barrels.

THE population of Lyons, France, has been found by the late census to be 323,417, a gain of 18,000 since 1872.

DURHAM 1876 the taxable value of the property of North Carolina was increased to the extent of \$13,000,000.

It is estimated that over 25,000 alligator skins are annually used by the boot and shoe manufacturers in the United States.

THE death is announced at Tarbes, at the age of 107 years, of Jean Bourguigne, who was a soldier during the reign of Louis XVI.

PURCHASER Hinsdale, of Hobart College, at Geneva, N. Y., has thus far received \$1000 in response to his appeal for aid for the institution.

A COLLECTION of the skulls of the animals killed by the Prince of Wales in India are now on exhibition in London by the Prince's special permission.

UNTIL within a few days there have been nine inmates of the county poor house in Ingham, Mich., whose aggregate age were 728 years, an average of 81 years.

NATICKET, Mass., is one of the towns of the best, for it has a jail without a prisoner. The whole expense of the establishment last year was only \$133.32.

THERE are but four dividend-paying roads now running west from Chicago, and Chicago has now ceased to be the great entrepot for the grain products of the country west and south of it.

THE London Standard has information that the Egyptian Government will dispatch a squadron to cruise in the Red Sea, and visit the ports suspected of being concerned in the slave trade, with a view to its suppression.

TEN THOUSAND men are engaged upon the Paris Exhibition building, and the foundations are wholly completed. The authorities reckon upon a daily average of from thirty to forty thousand visitors to make the Exhibition a financial success.

THE French Government has submitted to the Chamber of De





## ABOUT BUTTONS



FARM AND GARDEN.







